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ENGLISH POETRY.



TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

XLVII.

The miser must protect his home,
While youth abroad must ever roam :
For me, I must—such is my way—
Still follow where the minstrels play.

XLVIII.

Poor Robin to my threshold hies,
His wings all chill'd and drooping low,
In gentle careless note he cries,
“ 'Tis very cold, it soon will snow.”

XLIX.

Where there is love, praise will be found
Beyond all measure to abound ;
But 'tis as true, where hatred dwells,
That censure more than meetly swells.

L.

Rare birds are found beyond the sea,
And there too people courteous, kind :
Beyond the seas all virtues be,
And there my own true love you'll find.

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LI.

Sweet is the bird's melodious lay,
In summer morn, upon the spray ;
But from Amelia sweeter far
The notes of friendship after war.

D. E.

LII.

Another dress will nature wear
Before again I see my fair,
The smiling fields will daisies bring,
And on the trees the birds will sing ;
But one thing changed will never be,
That is, my heart, sweet girl, from thee.

D. E.